

Good Morning 790

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Famous Yard Chief Scorned Forty Faces

STUART MARTIN tells of a detective who never used disguise

WHEN you hear that a Scotland Yard detective "disguised" himself to get certain evidence, as one testified the other day, don't imagine all sorts of stage effects. Official detectives never used grease-paint. All that business in story-books about "detectives with the forty faces," and so on, is just-fiction.

In the early days Scotland Yard had a make-up room, but they gave it up. In some cases it became a farce, and the make-up didn't last long. Just think it out for yourselves. Could any of your friends make-up so that, in daylight, the make-up did not show? Could they impose on you for more than a few minutes?

THE "disguise" of an official detective now consists in pretending to be a workman, or a "swell," or anything else; and where information is wanted it is generally obtained by a detective who is not known in the particular surroundings where he is working. I know of two detectives who have often posed as two public-house minstrels, blacked faces and banjo and bones all complete. But these two could sing anyway.

I remember, too, one young detective who was sent out to trail a criminal. Now that is an art, if it has to be kept up for days, maybe weeks. Well, this detective had his man well in hand. For a full day he trudged around London shadowing his quarry. Towards evening the suspect walked down Whitehall, and, to the astonishment of the detective, turned into the Yard.

The detective followed, stood near the inquiry office, and was further surprised when the suspect asked to see Chief Inspector Ward, giving his name. Ward came down the stairs leisurely, wondering. Said the criminal, "Mr. Ward, I've brought your youngster safely back after a walk around London. He might get lost one of these days." The youngster was Detective Woodhall.

There was one man in the Yard who never used any "disguise" at all and he rose to be Superintendent Chief of the C.I.D. He was Sir Frank Froest. I knew him well, and often talked with him in his room at the Yard.

Froest had most of the qualities that make a fine detective; and Allan Pinkerton, of Pinkerton's Detective Agency of the United States, told me that he considered Froest one of the greatest Yard men he ever worked with.

I see Froest now sitting in his chair, smiling, easy, good story-teller, well dressed, quick-witted, very genial; and strong as an athlete. It was difficult to remember that once in a brawl in the Italian quarter of Hatton Garden he went to get his man, and found him in a room with five others. There, in that room the five rose up and began to maul Froest. He did a bit of mauling himself. He held his own against the five, backed his man into a corner, fought his way out, got two policemen to take his man away—and then he walked back to Gray's Inn Road police station; and collapsed as he entered.

It was Froest who was in charge of the case in which a money-lender was shot dead in London during a hold-up by two men. One of these was an American who had got away to the States. The other was run down in Shadwell and arrested, but died when being held on remand.

From New York came the information that the second man, Guy Thompson, was located there, and would Froest come over. Froest went. He picked up his man in Jersey City, but lost him. By this

time Pinkerton's people wanted Thompson for a train robbery and two murders. It was a long chase.

It led Froest across the entire States. At Omaha, Thompson had left word to be passed to Froest that he knew Froest was on his trail and that if ever he caught him up Froest would be shot on sight.

At Denver the trail struck back east. By the time Froest got to New York, Thompson had sailed for Europe.

Froest sailed in the next boat. He heard the gunman had arrived in Paris. Froest went to Paris. But his man had gone to Berlin. Froest went to Berlin. In Berlin he discovered that Thompson had moved ahead and was travelling back to London. Froest returned to London.

Detectives in the West End located the gunman in a restaurant and telephoned the news to Froest. The latter donned a dress suit, took two men with him, walked into the restaurant and saw his man seated at a table with a beautiful woman.

Froest picked his way between the tables, his men coming from other angles. Right up to the table went Froest, and dived. His strong arms were round the gunman in a flash and locked tight. He held him while his men plucked the gun from Thompson's hip pocket.

The gunman was tried, but owing to his clever counsel and perhaps because some time had elapsed since the murder of Levy, Thompson was acquitted. But Froest didn't let him go. He had another charge ready—being in possession of a loaded revolver without a licence. Thompson got a month in prison for that and was recommended for deportation.

Meanwhile the New York police asked for the gunman's return. It was Froest who took him back to America, saw him charged with murder, and sent to the chair.

It was Froest who brought Dr. Jameson from South Africa for trial on a charge of high treason after the Jameson raid; but the most thrilling of his cases was the securing of Jabez Balfour, the greatest swindler of a generation ago.

Balfour ran, among other ventures, a gigantic swindle called the Liberator Company and defrauded the public out of millions. When the inevitable crash came he fled to the Argentine. At that time there was no Extradition Treaty between the Argentine and this country, but attempts were made diplomatically, and through the United States, to get Balfour handed over. Argentina refused. Balfour had plenty of money to see to that.

The Home Office decided to send out Froest to try his luck—diplomatically, maybe. Out sailed Froest and discovered Balfour living high in a town not far from the coast. Froest made his arrangements and walked up to Balfour one day and arrested him.

Now, Balfour had made plenty of friends. As soon as the arrest was known to them they dashed to the local Sheriff and demanded Balfour's release. They also went to the local magisterial Bench and obtained a Writ of Power. Then they rushed to the hotel where Froest and his prisoner were living. They were just too late.

Froest, too, had money to burn. He had arranged with an interpreter to charter a special locomotive and a coach for the journey to Buenos

Ayres, where a British ship was lying beyond the harbour.

This special train was in a siding, with steam up, and Froest was bundling Balfour into the coach when the Sheriff and some local police appeared on horseback. The Sheriff was waving his warrant.

As they bounced into the siding the train began to draw out—the fireman and driver were well paid—and the Sheriff and his posse galloped along the track, yelling and gesticulating, until the train drew away.

Down to the coast rattled the special, and at the docks a boat was hired and out to the British ship went Froest and his prisoner. They were hardly aboard when a harbour cutter came racing out with a bunch of officials demanding the release of Balfour. They had been telegraphed by the exasperated Sheriff.

But the skipper of the British ship knew the situation. When the cutter hailed the liner the skipper addressed the rather

USELESS EUSTACE



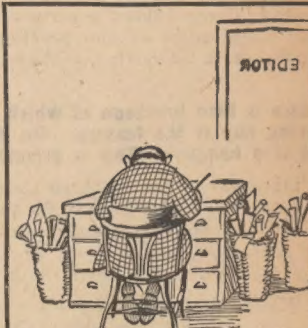
"Character reference? Certainly, sir. Ignore what the machine says about my weight. My character's on the other side!"

vehement officials of South America.

"Look here, gentlemen," he said. "I have seen the credentials of this English police officer of the Crown. He has arrested a fugitive offender against the Crown. I am a subject of England and it is my duty to aid in the execution of the law of my country. I am but doing my duty."

There were many cries of protest, and threats too, but the ship sailed with the prisoner; and that is how Jabez Balfour came back to London and to prison.

Old Allan Pinkerton laughed liked billy-o when I told him this inside story which I have just told to you.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



Hello, P.O. Ray Pearson

HERE is a picture which was be one of the last to come out." ready-made for our photographer when he called at 50, Frensham-road, Southsea.

Mrs. E. A. Pearson and Anitra happened to be looking out of the window. It seemed to make an ideal "Good Morning" setting, and he promptly snapped them on the spot.

And so, Petty Officer Raymond Pearson, we present to you our compliments and your wife and four-and-a-half-years-old daughter.

We were sorry to hear, Ray, that your little girl's nerves have suffered through the blitz, but we hope it will soon be possible for her to have the specialist treatment she requires.

Your wife tells us that Anitra is very interested in a new baby cousin which has arrived at No. 50.

Carolyn is the name, and Anitra appears very anxious to claim her as a playmate. Her own big doll now has to take second place!

She took to the baby right away, and if your wife happens to pick up Carolyn to nurse her, Anitra snuggles up and has to nurse her as well.

Incidentally, "Nigger" welcomed us as a friend of the family. He came purring all round our shoulders, and we could see that everyone makes a great fuss of him.

A black cat ought to bring luck—maybe "Nigger" will some day. It is evident he and Anitra are great friends.

We were interested to learn that both Mrs. Pearson's mother and father are working in the Dockyard.

"We tell mother we don't know how the Dockyard would get on without her," your wife laughingly declared. "She is working in the foundry as a machinist, and will probably

HOW ARE SINGING SAILORS, P.O. Bill Allum

IT will be yarn time for the Allum family when Apparently this trip had been a closely guarded you and your brother Fred return, P.O. Bill secret.

He thanks you very much for the stamps, which arrived safely, and hopes you will still keep on the look-out for more.

Bob's girl-friend, Olive, was visiting, and she and the rest of the family hope they will be having a night out at the Harrow Coliseum with you soon.

Mum promises you a fish-cake lunch when you return, and Dad looks forward to the "old sherbert" with you and Fred.

Folk at the "Greenwood" still enquire after the "Singing Sailors."



The Dice Fell for Captain Blado

THE half-breeds were scared, but they worked under rose to the pitch of a hurricane. The night fell and the gale the lashing tongue of Blado, Great rollers struck the vessel and where his tongue did not in the stern and dashed over keys. I came in to ask you to come and feed in my cabin. Dinner's late. I put it off as long as I could. The gale's broken. "Where are we? Much out of our course?" "I don't know. We'll have another two days of bluster before we see the sun. I can't get an observation until then, so we'll have to cool our heels for a bit. Ever been in one of them Pacific hurricanes before?" "I was once." "Where?" "Oh, south a bit." "What was the ship?" "Just a steamer—round about Juan Fernandez."

All day long Smith was at the wheel. The only food he had was a handful of biscuits, which were smuggled up to him, between the heaving of the billows, by one of the crew. Blado might have aided him by taking a spell of steering, but Blado was skipper, and he believed in making others work and himself attending to the issuing of orders. Smith did not complain. No watches were kept, for all the men had been on deck since dawn, and it would have been difficult to say which was due below. They took snatches of sleep as they could, a few going down to the forecabin at a time. Still Smith was not relieved at the wheel.

"Fine," said Smith. "I thought waves up over the bulwarks and the schooner was staggering before the hurricane, her bare masts zigzagging drunkenly against the clouds. Smith reached the cabin and found Blado seated at a table, a bottle of anisado in front of him. The cook, who also acted as steward, had laid the dinner, and the two men fell to with hardly a word. When they had finished the table, Blado brought out his dice-box and dice.

"The fever of the game was beginning to stir in his blood. "Give me a new stake," he growled. "Give me a stake that's something worth gambling for." Smith smiled and pushed his hand over his mouth to suppress a yawn. "I'll give you a stake, the same as you were calling for when I met you in the saloon bar in La Serena. Your ship against this gun!" For a moment the eyes of Blado glimmered. He, the greatest crook at paro pinto along the coast, was being challenged. "It's unequal," he muttered. "Let me suggest the stakes." "Suggest them." "My ship against your liberty." Smith started. "What do you mean?" "If I win I hand you over to the police at the first port. My ship against that."

Mine is to land you on the first port I strike. Is it a go?" "It's a go."

They threw the dice, keeping a score as they threw. Captain Blado was an expert paro pinto player, but there wasn't a throw he made which his opponent did not equal. At the end of the game they were equal score. They played a new game and Blado lost. He handed the gun over with an ill grace, his brows contracted. Then he brought his own revolver from a drawer and laid it down on the table.

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"It's a go," said Smith, with a smile, "but we shall play with dice that are not loaded." He took a small box from his pocket and laid it on the table, opening the lid and tipping out two dice. "These are quite new, captain."

I bought them at La Serena. I don't like your loaded kind. No wonder you took the reales so easily in the saloon.

He was perfectly cool and did not seem to notice the red flush that sprang from Blado's neck to his forehead. He pushed the dice across to the skipper coolly. "Your throw, captain."

Blado could have choked the man, so cool and methodical was he. But he had seen Smith holding down the wheel of the yacht against the seas, and he knew that Smith must have muscles of steel. So he sat back and threw the dice, muttering oaths under his moustache.

They were on perfectly level ground now, and that meant that Blado was at a disadvantage. His throws were made quickly and without thought. In all the other games he threw only after careful balancing and preparation. The dice were new to the touch of his fingers, and he felt them awkward after his own. They played for over an hour, making the number high so that the game would last longer.

They finished the throws and began to count up the score.

Smith announced his score and handed his slip of paper over to Blado, taking the other's slip to his side of the table. "What's that for?" demanded Blado.

"So that we can check each other's score. My counting may not be quite correct, and, on the other hand, yours may not be so either!"

For a moment he bent over the list of figures, and then slapped his pencil on the table. Blado lifted his head and made a grab for his gun.

It was gone. But Smith was sitting facing him with his own gun raised and the slip of scores in his left hand.

"As I thought, captain. You aren't very good at totalling up

(Continued on page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Who is the Patron Saint of Ireland, and when is his feast day?
2. Complete the pairs: Lords and —; 2; Codlins and —.
3. Which of the following are metals? — Pallium, Palladium, Tympanum, Pabulum, Thalium.
4. Which London borough ranks as a city?

5. For what purpose would you consult "Hoyle"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Caster, Reacts, Tracks, Recast, Caters, Crates, Traces.

Answers to Quiz in No. 789

1. St. Andrew; November 30.
2. Green peas; Beans.
3. Oriole, Adjutant.
4. Wandsworth.
5. To find the names, titles, and addresses of the Peers of the Realm.
6. St. Augustine was a man; others were women.

Elder Brethren of Trinity House

TRINITY House, responsible for the many lighthouses and lightships round the coast of Britain, was granted its charter in 1514, and was originally a largely religious body. It continues to-day to distribute large sums for charitable purposes.

Until about 70 years ago it was associated with the Navy, setting the examinations for navigation. Now its work is largely concerned with safety.

The Corporation consists of Elder Brethren and Younger Brethren. The Master is the Duke of Gloucester, who succeeded the Duke of Connaught, who in turn had succeeded King George V on his accession in 1910.

The Elder Brethren consist of some of the most distinguished men in the country, headed by H.M. the King, Mr. Churchill, the Duke of Windsor, Earl Baldwin, Lord Templewood, and Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Andrew Cunningham. These offices are largely one of honour, the active work being carried out by about ten Elder Brethren.

The Younger Brethren are all well qualified naval or merchant navy officers.

All Brethren take a special oath of allegiance to the King before the Court of the Corporation. Their days for ceremony are in the week following Trinity Sunday.

On the Monday a court is held at which elections are made. There follows a service at St. Olave's Church, where some of the previous Masters are buried, the most interesting, perhaps, being Samuel Pepys.

There is then luncheon at which the passing of a loving cup is the feature. On the Wednesday there is a banquet. This is private.

The privileges of the Brethren include exemption from jury service and a uniform for the Elder Brethren. With its epaulettes and sword this uniform is very attractive, and is worn as Court Dress on many occasions by some Elder Brethren.

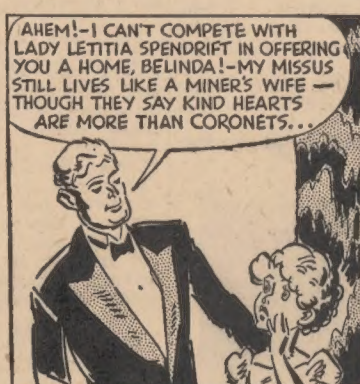
The Elder Brethren wear their uniform when sitting with judges of the Admiralty Court to try cases.

There is no more efficient lighthouse and lightship service in the world than that of Britain, showing that picturesqueness and tradition do not mean a sacrifice of efficiency.

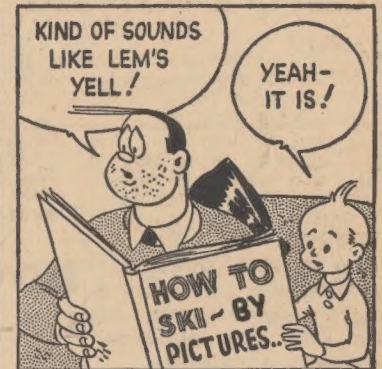
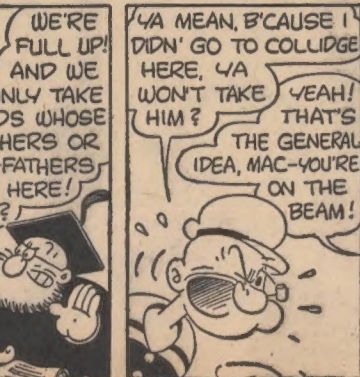
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 728

- 1. Behead to inscribe and get a ceremony.
- 2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: Thehinaupontainoffeeandooa.
- 3. What Scottish port can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: — we go to the theatre or one of the music —?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 727

- 1. G-imp.
- 2. Tom takes tea at three-thirty.
- 3. EVIL.
- 4. Shake, hakes.

JANE

The Dice Fell for Captain Blado

(Continued from Page 2)

Blado sunk back in his chair, his face dark and terrible. "You gaol-bird! he breathed. "Never mind calling names. I have another stake to suggest. The ship is mine. I'll play you the ship against her cargo. Especially the cargo of silver bar you have got secreted somewhere."

The skipper bounded to his feet, snarling. "What do you know about the bar?" he roared. "How do you know I took it? Where were you? Hidden in the forest maybe."

"Maybe. But you admit having it, don't you? You killed the messenger for it."

"Yes, I killed him; but how do you know?"

"Ah, captain, you used a curved Chilean knife which you got from

one of your crew. The man has told me. And, anyway, the blow that killed the messenger was not struck by a Chilean apache. He would have struck upward. You struck downward. The local vigilantes didn't notice the difference, so they are searching for a Chilean."

Blado wiped the perspiration from his brow and his voice sounded thick as he cursed the man opposite him.

"Won't you tell me where you have secreted the silver bar, captain?"

"It's none of your business!" roared the skipper. "You can't give me away. You're a gaol-bird yourself. I'll play you for the ship again—against anything you like—except the bar."

"Not just now, captain. The game is finished, for the time being."

He rose and, taking the

skipper's weapon, opened a port-hole, and slung the gun far into the raging sea.

"That draws your sting, captain. Now let us consider the situation. I'll give you a free hand. You can make the port you were heading for, and I won't interfere. One port is as good as another to me. What do you say?"

"I can't make an observation until to-morrow," said Blado. "I reckon we're somewhere south of San Ambrosio Island."

"Very well; we'll wait till then."

Smith rose and went out of the cabin backwards, and shut the door on the skipper.

He entered his cabin, and there, by the light of a lamp, he began to write in a notebook.

When he had finished he lay down in his bunk, with the revolver under his pillow.

Dawn was filtering into the

room when he awakened. He leaped to his feet and went out night took a boat and rowed on deck. At the wheel was one of the crew, the sun was well above the horizon, and the sea was almost flat. Many miles astern a small, mountainous island rose out of the sea, grim and forbidding.

There was no sign of Captain Blado, and the crew cast strange, suspicious glances at the passenger. He ran along to the skipper's cabin and threw open the door.

The place was empty. The bunk had not been slept in and the floor-boards had been ripped up, revealing a cavity in which was a silver bar had been stored, but the bar had gone.

As Smith stood gazing at the state of the room one of the crew knocked on the door.

"Well?"

"I'm bos'n, sub. Cap'n Blado has gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, suh. He went during the night took a boat and rowed on deck. At the wheel was one of the crew, the sun was well above the horizon, and the sea was almost flat. Many miles astern a small, mountainous island rose out of the sea, grim and forbidding."

"We'd better 'bout ship and return for the captain."

"But, suh, they'll get you there as well as on the mainland. You're an escaped convict."

"We'll 'bout the ship," said the other grimly. "There are two reasons, bos'n, why you'll do as I say. Captain Blado will still be on the island when we call. He's safe enough. I know that island and the fact that we are far out of our course that made Blado bungle. That is Mas-a-Fuera, the convict island. And I couldn't hold Blado at La Serena until I searched his ship, so I came with him. You see, I am Detective Smith, of Valparaiso. I'll want you at the trial."

END.



Know what You're up against! says JACK GREENALL

THE Ladybird is a pretty little beetle having constant trouble with her waist-line. She dresses in polka dots, favouring smart styles sporting black dots on a red ground, or black dots on yellow.

That'll be the day when she blossoms out in flowered cretonne!

She lives on Aphides, or Green Fly, and a good job for us she does; but for her we'd be up to the neck in Aphides in no time. There's no stopping these Aphides, it's been tried.

It shook me to read the Ladybird belongs to the same family as the Bloody-nose Beetle, though socially, I believe, they don't mix. This plug-ugly when peevish, squirts a bright red fluid from his mouth, and the joints of his legs.

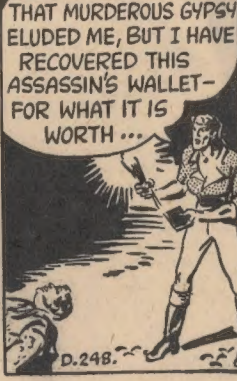
He'd squirt a bright red fluid from all parts of his anatomy at once, if he peevish me!

As soon as winter sets in the Ladybird gets well under the eiderdown and stays put till the Spring; then, up with the lark, scoffing up Aphides as though her life depended on it, as, indeed, it does.

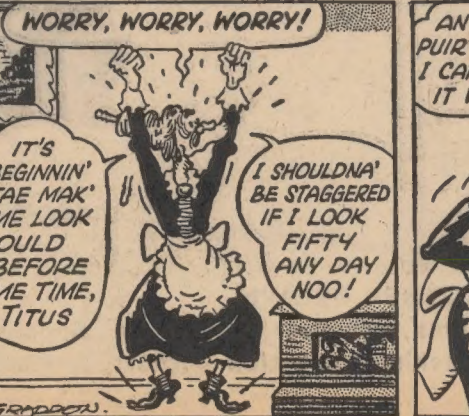
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

F	A	N	S	T	E	P	S	F
B	O	L	E	A	R	O	M	A
R	A	T	A	C	R	O	B	A
E	C	H	E	L	O	N	S	I
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- CLUES ACROSS.—2 Follow. 4 Golf club. 8 Shell-fish. 10 Trite. 11 Of a city. 13 Borrow. 15 At one. 17 Submissive. 18 Colour. 19 Water-lily. 21 Smears. 24 Look into. 25 Play part. 27 Ice sheet. 29 Fat. 31 Orange brown. 33 Furniture item. 34 Vehicle for one. 35 Pop. 36 Leather strip. 37 Exercise room.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Take place. 2 Boy's name. 3 Leave out. 4 Cry of contempt. 5 Bitterness. 6 Passengers. 7 Run off. 9 Sheets, etc. 12 Musical instrument. 14 Hit high. 16 Uncertainty. 20 Rare pleasure. 21 Girl's name. 22 Rate. 23 Near stern. 24 Ability. 25 Book. 26 Cloth. 28 Go on. 30 Woman. 32 Bark.

Good
Morning



LEGS UP—AND NOT MOTHER BROWN.

Teasing top-piece, dark and dangerous, is Karen Randall, Salome girl who likes night-work and play. Spotted bottom-piece waiting for what she's thinking of—not what you're thinking!—is Martha, machine-gun-action Vickers, a study in temptation.